

# THE MONITOR.

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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

NO. 11.

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[For the Monitor.]

## THE GIFT OF PRAYER—ITS EXERCISE AND CULTIVATION.

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti: Cærite cerâ  
Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;  
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.

*Hor.*

A GRAND difficulty experienced by those who lead the devotions of an assembly in oral prayer, arises perversely from their thinking more of men than of God. Prayer ought to be simple, sincere, sensible, and short. In order to this, he who makes it, should be free from embarrassment. But how is this freedom to be attained? I answer—*Simply by forgetting man in the remembrance of God.* As the light of the risen sun sweeps all all other luminaries into comparative darkness, veiling their brightness beneath the effulgence of his own; as the sun must be absent that the stars may appear, and the mantle of night must enwrap us before those tiny twinklers are discernible; so God, when the mind regards him as he is in himself and as the only object of religious worship—God appears all in all, his presence is felt, and the presence of man is sunk and forgotten in view of the supremacy and ubiquity of God. “Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;—for ye serve the Lord Christ. Now the Lord is that spirit: and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” The influence is inevitable—the cause is faulty that prevents so many enlisted soldiers of Christ from engaging in this service; they are idolaters; they worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator.

But are there no real Christians, who desert this service through conscious incompetency, and more from love to the cause than fear for themselves? This may possibly be the case—still, it is wrong. No man is a competent judge of his own competency. It pertains to the church to appreciate, and graduate, and regulate the gifts of the members. If the church view a man as competent, he has no right to *veto* the decision, or without special reason and permission, to bury his talents in a napkin or conceal them under a cloak.

But what if he be illiterate—if he have idioms and phrases of his own which are offensive—if he make mistakes and expose himself to ridicule from the impious? I answer—let him cultivate and improve his gifts, let him bear to be told of his inelegancies and blunders, and wherein he has offended let him do so no more, but let him “please his neighbour for his good to edification: for even Christ pleased not himself.”

To be the monitor of private individuals in particular churches, implies the duty of correcting particular and personal infelicities in the exercise of praying gifts. But as you, Mr. Editor, are THE MONITOR of the Christian public, whithersoever your numbers may come, greeting, permit me to remark on some public and common irregularities in prayer, which are noticeable in both clerical and laical performances.

These may be clasified under three heads—multiplied and inappropriate epithets of praise and invocation; exceptionable expressions; and abuses of Scripture.

All these evidently result in whole or in part from inattention or carelessness—and these were objects of reference in the selection of the motto at the head of this paper, which I shall thus—rather liberally—translate.

Reckless of what degrades them or befits,  
They almost rank with men bereft of wits:  
As the vain crew of fam'd Ulysses' fleet  
Who sold their country for voluptuous treat;  
Whose wills, capricious as the winds they woo'd,  
Err'd in the act or aim of doing good.

1. I would animadvert on the use of *multiplied and in-*



*appropriate epithets of invocation and praise.* Take an example and one of the least exceptionable—"Supremely great, transcendently glorious, and infinitely exalted, Lord, our God." This mode of address to God is so common in some districts of our country, and used so regularly twice-a-day in some families, that children know the words by rote and anticipate the speaker when he utters them. It is a style indeed appropriate to the divine name abstractly considered, but—in my opinion—inappropriate to the uses and ends of supplication. It offends against simplicity. It is wordy and even vain. What example of a Scriptural Saint warrants or records such vain glorious phraseology? "Our Father who art in heaven"—is a very different and a much more pious and acceptable form of invocation. It is inappropriate too because so general. When the assembled church at Jerusalem, previous to the day of Pentecost, were about electing a successor of the apostate Iscariot, and had placed Joseph and Matthias before them "they prayed, and said, thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship," &c. How *appropriately* is the attribute of omniscience respected here. There is nothing general. We see no waste of words and no want of dignity. The Scriptures abound with such instances. See also Acts iv 23—30.

2. *Exceptionable expressions.* This is a very general and perhaps indefinite statement. I shall illustrate its meaning however with two examples from thousands, which might be adduced. "O Lord, be reconciled to us!" Whatever this may or may not mean, it were better to say—"Reconcile thou us unto thyself, through Jesus Christ." God is perfectly right and therefore cannot be reconciled to us as if we were the standards; and when we are reconciled to him, "the agony is over," all is well and we shall be saved.

Once more. In praying for ministers, how often do we hear it requested that one may be "a long and a lasting blessing to his people." Long and lasting cannot both refer to time without tautology: if they do

not mean the same thing, then as *lasting* refers to durability, *long* must refer to the extent of personal perpendicularity! I have seen some preachers, who might perhaps have been benefitted by an augmentation of their longitude; to become two feet taller would scarcely hurt them—but, unless their people mean to pray for this, let them say, “Make him *a rich and lasting* blessing to us and our children.” The exceptionable phrase is so ridiculous in itself that I could scarcely treat it at all without sarcasm.

Familiarity with the Scriptures and readiness in quotation are powerful auxiliaries and even rules of prayer. But here we should be careful: 1. Never to use words without knowing what we mean by them; and 2. Never, without special reason, wrest the scriptural meaning of the passage;—of which more in remarking.

3. On *abuses of Scripture*. “God out of Christ is a consuming fire,” is an expression often wrought into prayer—and it is true; but there is no such text; nay, the alteration perverts its meaning. See Heb. xii. 29. “For *our God* [God in Christ] is a consuming fire.” He will not indeed consume us, if we be his sincere worshippers: still, this is his character! and of this there are, besides Nadab and Abihu, thousands of monuments! and thus it is adduced as a reason why we should “worship God acceptably, with reverence and Godly fear”—a duty from which neither saints on earth, nor saints in glory, nor sinless seraphim are exonerated.

“Lift on us the light of thy *reconciled* countenance.” Is the passage improved, think you, by the addition of the participle? See Psalm iv. 6. Is there no loveliness in the very countenance of God that makes it desirable? or is he wont to lift it on his foes, or to darken its lifted light, with a judicial scowl?

Hos. xiii. 9, contains a beautiful sentiment and a finished expression. How bad their taste who think to improve while they accommodate it in prayer, saying, “we have destroyed ourselves; but in thee is our help *found*! In God alone is our help—whether we ever *find* it is another matter.

Psalm cxxxix. 24, is often thus altered, with the de-



sign, no doubt, to improve it. "See if there be any *fatally* wicked way in us!" The inference is—that such an one loves sin but not punishment, and wishes only so much of his wickedness to be expelled from his interior as consists not with his safety.

Isaiah iii. 10, last sentence, and Heb. ii. 13, latter part, are often abused in an idolatrous application to ministers of the gospel, while they properly and exclusively appertain to Jesus Christ. The first is often altered with the word *cause* or *work* for *pleasure* of the Lord; and the prayer is that it may "prosper in *his* hand" Now, "who art thou, O man?" Is the cause in thy hand or in Christ's? I know a Christian who—very properly—thus accommodates it, "Let the pleasure of the Lord prosper in thine own hand, through his instrumentality."

Concerning the second, it can be said that, though properly applicable to Christ, it may be accommodated to ministers. From this, for one, I dissent. God will not give his glory to another, neither his praise to consequential ministers. It would be more modest, quite as becoming, and equally appropriate to refer to 1 Thes. ii. 19, 20, where a crown of rejoicing—not of dominion, rivalry, or self-importance—all studded with living and immortal gems, even souls converted to God by them, is rapturously anticipated for all faithful and humble preachers.

We ought to cultivate our gifts and exercise them—not that ourselves, but—that our Father in heaven, "may be glorified." Perhaps few are sensible how much of their barrenness may be traced to causes as unworthy of them as pride, fear of man, or negligence of due preparation and furniture. The noblest object of ambition that ever winged the efforts of man, the purest ingredients of character that ever distinguished a saint, have here their manifesto and epitome—to *do good unto all men, as we have opportunity, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.*

DISCIPULUS.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Mr. BACKUS WILBUR was born Nov. 9, 1788, in Richmond, Massachusetts. When about seven years of age he lost his mother, but her pious instruction had made an impression on his mind which was never obliterated. About two years after, his father married and removed to Newark township. The woman who kindly undertook to be a mother to Mr. Wilbur was eminently pious, and combined her endeavours with his pious Father to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. When about ten years old, he was seriously impressed with a sense of his own sinfulness from an address of Dr. M'Whorters to the children, after catechising on the worth of their souls; but these impressions were like the morning cloud and the early dew. In 1808 there was a revival of religion in the Elizabethtown congregation. A young man who taught a school in Lyons farms and boarded with Mr. Wilbur's father was awakened; seeing his distress brought Mr. Wilbur to consider his ways. In about a fortnight he obtained a hope through grace, that he had embraced the Lord Jesus as he is freely offered in the gospel. He left no record of the exercises of his mind at this interesting period.

March 6, 1808, he made a public profession of his attachment to Christ. From that time he was actively engaged in the cause of that Master whose service was his delight. He commenced a meeting for prayer among the young people, in which he took the leading part; and it pleased the Lord to pour out on his young servant a spirit of prayer and supplication, and even to bless his prayers to the awakening of one soul. In the course of the year a woman applied for church privileges, who, when asked to what she traced her first serious impressions, answered, "The prayers of young Mr. Wilbur." His attending societies brought him into notice, and several ministers thought he ought to devote himself to the work of the ministry. This met his own wishes. He had been brought up a farmer, and his education was very limited when, at the age of



twenty, he commenced his classical studies. He felt his deficiencies and strove, by constant diligence and application, to supply them. In 1811 he entered the junior class in college;—graduated September 1813. He remarks in his diary, “This I consider an important period of my life; O may it prove the introduction to a better course of conduct and a more useful life than I ever have led. Now if God will be in very deed with me, keep and assist me, I will devote my whole self to him. Choose thou my changes and appoint my portion, my God and my Redeemer. Nov. 16, 1813, was admitted a member of the Theological seminary of Princeton. O may the spirit of the living God assist and direct me. Keep me, O thou Preserver of men! Great opportunities are now afforded. Solemn obligations are now upon me; O may I be faithful and successful. April 24, 1816, was licensed to preach the gospel; my soul trembled. How can I do this work? I have now obtained a part of that trust I have been seeking for many years; O may I have grace to be faithful. More than seven years I have been studying for the ministry, yet how insufficient am I still for this work. I do desire to record here that I determine to be faithful to my work; by divine aid to preach the word in season and out of season,—O may the spirit of God make me successful. May this day never be forgotten

“24th September 1816, passed my final examination in the Theological seminary. Scarce ever has my mind been more solemn. About to go into the world; O may the God of Israel be my God. 26th September set out on my mission. Never did I feel such afflicting and solemn reflections. My weeping friends, entrance into public life, responsibility all affect me much. O may the God of Abraham be with me, and assist me. Morgantown, Vir. 5th October, am now on missionary ground—saw several things indicative of a low state of morals! The Lord make me a blessing. Sunday, 6th October, began my missionary preaching, felt my zeal for Zion inflamed, spoke with ease to myself,—audience attentive and affected. Am very kindly received by the inhabitants; all seem desirous to hear preaching.”

Mr. Wilbur's first mission commenced in Morgantown and extended to the mouth of the great Kenhawa. In a letter dated October 7th he remarks, "I find work enough to do here—have made appointments to preach every day this week, and one day am to preach twice. the people are crying, *Come over and help us.* This you may be sure is pleasant language to me. I mean to preach as often as I am able; do not fear my doing too much. I feel as if I should see these people no more below, and I must preach while I can; these souls may perish for want of a sermon. I feel encouraged and animated in my work. Have great reason to bless God that he gives what does give me such health; I hope and pray I may never be unwilling to spend it in his service. I hope every anxious prayer will be offered up for me. When I am imprudent, kindly and freely reprove me, but when in the path of duty, however hard it may appear, do yourself the justice and me the kindness to leave me with God." In another letter from Beverly, October 21st, "I never preached with less trouble and more satisfaction to myself than since I have been on missionary ground. Notes are out of the question, and one hour's preparation is a long time for me. I have been so followed from place to place that I have rarely rode alone. Have preached fifteen times in fifteen days." Mr. Gilbert joined Mr. Wilbur in Tyguts valley, and was his companion the remainder of his mission.

Extracts from diary. "November 30th. I have now completed my first mission, with what success God only knows. Much of the time I have spent very agreeably. The people every where very kind. Have preached fifty times in fifty-six days,—travelled five hundred miles on missionary ground. On leaving this people, I feel many serious thoughts, because I leave them without any to break to them the bread of life, and because I have not done all the good I might have done among them. May the Lord provide.

"December 6th. Rode from Lebanon to Dayton, through a beautiful country. The people in Dayton in an unpleasant state as it regards religion.



"Sabbath, December 8th, I preached in the morning and evening, brother Gilbert in the afternoon, had good attention all day, am much pleased with this people; they desire me to return, and I am inclined so to do.

"Saturday, 28th December, Illinois Territory. This day arrived at Shawanoe town. We are again on missionary ground. The providence of God has remarkably followed us in our journey. Bless the Lord, O my soul! This place presents nothing interesting, the wants of the people, their lamentable depravity and irreligious manners pierce the missionary with sorrow. I have rarely heard, in any place, so much profane language in so short a time. This is said to be the largest town in this territory, but cannot learn that there is a professor of religion of any denomination in it. Sabbath 29th. Brother Gilbert and myself preached to very small assemblies, not more than twenty or thirty. Never saw the sabbath so much profaned;—shops open and doing business as usual. In the house where we preached there was so much noise as to disturb worship. Surely the fear of God is not in this place. Our prospects on this mission are very poor at present. May we have grace to be faithful. 30th. Have determined to go immediately to Kaskaskia. Made appointments all along to preach on our return. Sabbath, 4th of January, Kaskaskia. We are now in our particular stage of action. The Lord assist us. Brother Gilbert preached in the morning, I in the afternoon, to a large audience for this place. Felt something in my own soul of the excellency of the truth I delivered. Some of our hearers were affected. Cannot but feel encouraged, though this place, with scarce an exception, is devoted to the world. 7th. Brother Gilbert preached to a very attentive house. I feel quite in hopes we shall do good. The Lord seems to have given this people the hearing ear. I have greatly at heart some catechetical instruction for the children and youth; have mentioned it to several, but receive very little encouragement. None of the children have ever been catechised and I cannot learn that there is a copy of the Assembly's Catechism in the place. January 20th. Left Kaskaskia to perform

a tour up the country, preaching as I go, and return according to appointment made for me by brother Gilbert. Absent ten days, preached twelve times.

Extract from a letter. "February 5th. O could we see the work of the Lord prospering in our hands, we should rejoice that ever we visited these desolations. Sometimes I feel pretty strong faith that it will be so, and this encourages and comforts me. We have done this much good at least, we have removed some strong prejudices against Presbyterians, and especially eastern people. Even the newspapers had teemed with insinuations that eastern ministers came here only to foster their political party, and were therefore to be avoided. These ideas we have taken pains to oppose, and the way seems to be prepared for future missionaries to advance without the same opposition. On my way to St. Louis I preached where a presbyterian minister never before had. Some who had never heard such a preacher came out and professed to be pleased."

Diary. "Sabbath, 9th of February. This being our last day in Kaskaskia, the time was solemn and interesting. The people seem unwilling to part with us. Sabbath, February 23d. This day closes my mission. The Lord bless it. I feel much interested for this people. This territory presents a large field of usefulness to a faithful minister. Monday—left brother Gilbert at Morganfield,—serious parting. He is very dear to me, and I had to go among strangers alone. In this mission I have employed fifty-nine days, preached thirty-eight times, rode 560 miles."

During Mr. Wilbur's stay in Kaskaskia he received two letters from the session of the Dayton church urging his return.

"March 19th. Returned to Dayton; have engaged, the Lord willing, to spend five months in this place. Thursday, April 24th. This is the anniversary of my licensure, I hope I have done something for God, though I have much need to be humbled on account of my unfaithfulness. Lord, make me more diligent and faithful. Sabbath, May 4th. At four o'clock opened my catechetical lecture; was agreeably surprised to see more



out than could get into the house. They seem willing to learn. The Lord bless this institution and give a spirit of perseverance and humility.

"May 26th. Met with some young people whose minds are seriously impressed. This is the first meeting of the kind I ever attended as instructor. The Lord make it a blessing to them and me.

"May 27th. Met with the session, who received ten members on certificate, seven on confession. Here I saw some fruit of my ministry. The Lord has blessed my preaching to this people. To his name be all the glory. Yet I am in darkness as to my duty, whether to stay or not. The Lord give light.

"August 13th. This day set apart by the people for electing a pastor. The Rev. Mr. Thompson preached. After sermon a call was made out for me, and signed by the people. None of Dr. Welsh's friends attended the meeting; the call was therefore unanimous. O may the great Shepherd of the flock overrule this whole business to his own glory and the good of this church, which he has purchased with his own blood. My mind has been solemnly affected on this subject; and to-day has been full of a thousand contending feelings.

"Sabbath 24th of August, preached a farewell sermon from Isaiah lv. 10, 11. I felt much affected; house very solemn—most in tears;—four o'clock took leave of my catechetical society. These children and youth are very dear to me. I have now preached here five months with much satisfaction to myself; my ministry has been well received and done some good. I have some spiritual children here. I am much attached to this people, and if the Lord will, can return to them with pleasure. And now, Lord, I commit this people to thee, and the word which I have spoken among them. Pardon my unfaithfulness, and bless this people with life and peace. 25th. Left Dayton with an aching heart amidst the good wishes and tears of many.

"Saturday, September 13th, arrived in Princeton. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for his goodness in restoring me to my friends here.

"October 27, 1817. Received a letter from the congregation in Dayton, inclosing the call; O that the Lord would direct.

"4th November attended the Presbytery; my call was laid before them, and by them put into my hands; by request the Presbytery gave their opinion on the subject. All seemed to think it my duty to go to Dayton. If this call is from the Lord, I pray God I may not turn a deaf ear to it.

"Philadelphia, November 8th. Have commenced a mission in this city under the direction of the Philadelphia Missionary Society.

"November 9th. Preached in a small church built by the Evangelical Society. About thirty persons attended; O may the Lord make my ministry here a blessing. This is my birth day; another year is added to my life, my mercies, and my account before God; twenty-nine years of my life are gone; O how solemn the thought! What have I done for God and my generation? Almost nothing. The Lord make me more faithful in time to come.

"November 16th. Preached in Catherine street,—my own mind very dark, and my views of eternal truth very indistinct. Who shall deliver me from my sins and their punishment. Take not thy holy spirit from me.

December 17th. This afternoon I preached at the almshouse with more than my usual satisfaction. We were in a ward devoted to old men; I took up the subject of preparation for death. I fancied myself among a company, all of whom were bending over the tomb. The blind, the halt, the lame, and the sick were before me. My own views of the importance of preparation for death were pretty clear, and I pressed the subject upon my hearers. A number of them wept. Some rejoiced in anticipation of a kind release from sin and death. This is a good school. I learn something almost every time I visit there; but I am slow to learn; I find it hard to break my attachment to earthly things even for heaven.

January 1, 1818. Extract from Journal presented to



the Missionary Society. "The appearances in this Society are certainly encouraging. The people seem to attend with a very different appearance from that with which they first met me there. Whether I have been the instrument of conversion to any soul I do not know. The flowing tear has often testified that some emotion was excited; and the people of God who have attended, I have reason to believe, have been comforted and strengthened. I have not then laboured in vain. The inquiring have been pointed to Jesus; the careless sinner has been warned of his danger. The event I leave with God. I know his word cannot return void. Whether I have been as faithful to my work as I ought to have been, I cannot say; I have not however spared my strength where I thought duty called. The committee have, I think, no ground of discouragement, but should remain steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

"December 25th. Received a letter from Dayton, which determined me to go, if the Lord will."

The following extract of a letter, addressed to Mary W. Ferguson, very clearly exhibits Mr. Wilbur's feelings respecting that people. "The Lord seems now to point us decidedly to Dayton; my feelings while I write are indiscrible; I half begin to bid farewell to my former acquaintance and to take my leave of the places where my childish rambles have been made. But the Lord, I believe, *will* go with us. I think he has made an opening for us there, and we may go in and possess the land. The effect of my ministry among them still remains; a number of those who have lately joined the church I call children. What shall I render to the Lord; he has given me souls for my hire. He seems to say, *Son of man, I have made thee a watchman over this people; here is the place where your labours shall be blest.* With these feelings I cannot say either good or bad; I can only obey the direction. Where the Lord sends, I am willing to go; I think I am willing to live to die. I believe the Lord will go with us: what he will accomplish by our instrumentality time

will disclose. We must forsake all, deny ourselves, and follow Christ. The days of our pilgrimage will be short, and for these days the Lord will provide. He will take care of us; he will take care of those we love and leave behind; he will be our guide even unto death."

Diary. "January 11th, commenced labouring for Dr. M'Dowell, supplying his pulpit during his absence.

"Wednesday, 25th March, 1819. Important day! This evening was married by the Rev. Mr. Schenck, to Miss Mary W. Ferguson.—May the Lord of heaven bless our union.

"Sabbath, 26 April, closed my ministry in Elizabethtown. 20th of May, commenced our journey to Ohio. 18th June, arrived safely, after a very fatiguing journey, at Dayton. Cordially received by every person we meet. Here let me set up my Ebenezer, for the Lord hath helped us, preserved us from accidents and dangers, seen and unseen, and brought us to our desired haven in safety.

"Sabbath, preached to a full house from Acts x. 29. 'I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent unto me.' July 9th, attended presbytery at Unity, was received under the care of the Miami Presbytery. May my union with them be blessed. Sabbath 19th. Not as many people out to day as usual. Why this? Perhaps the Lord means to try me; O may I have grace to do his will. Sabbath 26th. This has been a hard day's work; I am not in my usual health; I must fly to the promise, *as thy day is so shall thy strength be.*

"Wednesday 26th August, the Presbytery met in this town for my trial and ordination. I opened Presbytery with a sermon from 2 Timothy, ii. 3, which had been assigned as a subject of popular discourse for trial. May I remember my own sermon. Thursday, passed my examination, which was sustained. At eleven repaired to the church for ordination. Rev. Mr. Gray preached from Daniel xii. 3. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.' The Rev. Mr. Thompson presided and gave the charge;



O may this day never be forgotten by me ! God has now given me the desire of my heart by putting me into the ministry. May his Spirit be with me ; O let me not labour in vain and spend my strength for nought."

*Close of diary.*

Sabbath, August 30th. The church was very crowded; the solemn transactions of the past week were fresh on the minds of all. The text was from Ezekiel iii. 17. "*Son of man, I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel ; therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me.*" After mentioning the duties required in the commission, he added, "Every relative and personal duty should be inculcated, and every danger if possible be pointed out ; all this is to be done with the judgment seat in view, and in such a manner as God has directed. It is to be done under the certain knowledge that the warning will prove a savour of life unto life or of death unto death. Who then is sufficient for these things ? Let the watchman stand in his place with his hands to his work and his eye upon the awful glories of the judgment seat. Let him remember he is to go from the pulpit, the study, the social circle, to the bar of God ;—to him who gave the commission and made him a watchman. With such a prospect, with such an account before him, what manner of man ought he to be in all holy conversation and godliness. If he be found faithful, he shall receive a crown of glory. He is not accountable for his *success* but for his *fidelity*. In the afternoon he preached from Luke viii. 18. "*Take heed therefore how ye hear.*" In the evening attended the Bible class at four o'clock, and with this exercise closed his pastoral duties in the Dayton church. He laboured very hard from the time of his arrival in Dayton, but when remonstrated with, his language was, hinder me not, I have a great work to perform. To instruct the young was Mr. Wilbur's delight ;—among them he was as a father ;—over them he watched with all tenderness and care, for they were the lambs of the flock. They were borne on his heart in life and even in death they were not forgotten. He laboured as if he had a presentiment that his time was

short. Sometimes when he would seem quite exhausted, he would say, O if the Lord would grant us a revival my work would then be easy.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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HOLY AFFECTIONS NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING  
OF DIVINE TRUTH.

[For the Monitor.]

MEN, whose affections are not set on God, know not the things of the Spirit, however deep their penetration. They may spend their days in the study of the Bible, make great attainments in what is accessible to the intellect, united with mere animal feeling, and think that their views of divine things are clearer than those of prophets or apostles. Although they should speak in such lofty strains as to fill *angels* with wonder, yet a dark veil is upon their own hearts. They are morally blind, and should the great mystery of godliness be unfolded before them, they would not discover its excellence, any more than blind men would see the beauties of the rainbow.

We cannot judge of *natural* things, much less of *heavenly*, except they excite *feeling* by making an impression upon some of our powers; and religion is of such a nature, that it can make no impression, so as to be understood, upon any, who do not exercise holy feeling. The great reason why the Jews did not understand Christ was, that they had not the love of God in them.

In order to understand the truths of revelation, the nature of our affections must be heavenly, must be produced by the Holy Spirit, who teaches all things. When *faith*, which works by love, is in exercise; and *hope* enters into that within the veil; when we hunger and thirst after righteousness, and have a conscience void of offence towards God and man, then will our feelings be a heavenly guide to our understanding.

Holy affection will influence us in proportion to its



strength, to contemplate what is revealed. "O how love I thy law, it is my meditations all the day." That a subject occupies the thoughts to the same extent, that it engrosses the affections, is a well established principle. And our knowledge of what we can comprehend, corresponds to our perseverance in close investigation. Pious affections lead us to study the word of God; and we are rewarded by a proportionable degree of religious knowledge. Besides, they cause the Christian to pray. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." He prays with a humble, teachable disposition, which secures the fulfilment of the promise, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. "He that asketh receiveth;" like him who said, "Give thy servant an understanding heart, and the speech pleased the Lord," and he granted the petition. Holy men of every age avail themselves of this privilege in order more successfully to search out the truths of revelation; and we are assured, that "they who seek the Lord understand all things." At times the glories of the Deity seem to center in their souls, and to add lustre to all their perceptions of heavenly things, while engaged in fervent prayer; the word of God is then a lamp to their understandings to lead them in the ways of knowledge.

Christians may be expected to have a degree of illumination in proportion to their holy affection. The anointing, which they have received of God, teaches them all things. The eyes of their understanding are enlightened, that they may know what is the hope of God's calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what the exceeding greatness of his power towards them. They are spiritual and judge all things. Their hearts are heavenly, and while laying up their treasures in *heaven*, they cannot but see its own native loveliness. By giving them a new heart, overflowing with holy affections, God has "brought them out of darkness into his marvellous light," and is shedding upon their hopes, his holiness and glory, making their knowledge wonderful, giving

them assurance, that they shall hereafter be restored to his image, and be like his beloved Son, who has already taken up his abode in their hearts. Hear them describe what they see and feel; there is an impress of reality, a radiation of divine glory in what they bring to view; they are borne, as on a flood of light towards a glorious eternity, with a heart panting after the living God. The deeper their religious feeling the more enlightened will be their understanding. Their pure affection is almost constantly bringing them nearer the Deity, in whose light they may behold all that is glorious; while all who are destitute of holy love, will grope in thick moral darkness.

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“THE MOON AND STARS, A FABLE.”

[*Concluded.*]

“THE following night the moon took her station still higher, and looked brighter than before, insomuch that it was remarked of the lesser stars in her vicinity, that many of them were paler, and some no longer visible. As their associates knew not how to account for this, they naturally enough presumed that her light was fed by the accession and absorption of theirs; and the alarm became general, that she should thus continue to thrive by consuming her neighbours, till she had incorporated them all with herself.

“Still, however, she preserved her humility and shamefacedness, till her crescent had exceeded the first quarter. Hitherto she had only grown lovelier, but now she grew prouder at every step of her preferment. Her rays too became so intolerably dazzling, that fewer and fewer of the stars could endure their presence, but shrouded themselves in her light as behind a veil of darkness. When she verged to maturity, the heavens seemed too small for her ambition. She ‘rose in clouded majesty,’ but the clouds melted at her approach, or



spread their garments in her path, of many a rich and rainbow tint.

“She had crossed the comet in her course, and left him as wan as a vapour behind her. On the night of her fulness she triumphed gloriously in mid-heaven, smiled on the earth, and arrayed it in a softer day, for she had repeatedly seen the sun, and though she could not rival him when she was above the horizon, she fondly hoped to make his absence forgotten. Over the ocean she hung, enamoured of her own beauty reflected in the abyss. The few stars that still could stand amidst her overpowering effulgence converged their rays and shrunk into bluer depths of æther, to gaze at a safe distance upon her. ‘What more can she be?’—thought these scattered survivors of myriads of extinguished sparklers, for the ‘numbers without number’ that thronged the milky way had altogether disappeared. Again, thought these remnants of the host of Heaven,—‘as hitherto she had increased every evening, to-morrow she will do the same, and we must be lost like our brethren in her all-conquering resplendence.’

“The moon herself was not a little puzzled to imagine what might become of her; but vanity readily suggested, that although she had reached her full form, she had not reached her full size, consequently, by a regular nightly expansion of her circumference, she would finally cover the whole convexity of sky, not only to the exclusion of the stars, but the sun himself, since he occupied a superior region of space, and certainly could not shine through her:—till man, and his beautiful companion woman, looking upward from the bowers of Eden, would see *all moon* above them, and walk in the light of her countenance for ever. In the midst of this self-pleasing illusion, a film crept upon her, which spread from her utmost verge athwart her centre, till it had completely eclipsed her visage, and made her a blot on the tablet of the heavens. In the progress of this disaster, the stars which were hid in her pomp stole forth to witness her humiliation; but their transport and her shame lasted not long,—the shadow retired as gradually as it had advanced, leaving

her fairer by contrast than before. Soon afterwards the day broke, and she withdrew, marvelling what would next befall her.

“Never had the stars been more impatient to resume their places, nor the moon more impatient to rise than on the following evening. With trembling hope and fear, the planets that came out first after sunset espied her disk, broad and dark red, emerging from a gulph of clouds in the east. At the first glance, their keen celestial sight discovered that her western limb was a little contracted, and her orb no longer perfect. She herself was too much elated to suspect any failing, and fondly imagined by that species of self-measurement whereby earthly as well as heavenly bodies are apt to deem themselves greater than they are, that she must have continued to increase all round,—till she had got above the Atlantic; but even then she was only chagrined to perceive that her image was no longer than it had been last night. There was not a star in the horoscope,—no, not the comet himself,—durst tell her she was less.

“Another night went, and another night came. She rose as usual, a little later. Even while she travelled above the land, she was haunted with the idea, that her lustre was rather feebler than it had been; but when she beheld her face in the sea, she could no longer everlook the unwelcome defect. The season was boisterous;—the wind rose suddenly, and the waves burst into form; perhaps the tide, for the first time, then was affected by sympathy with the moon; and what had never happened before, an universal tempest mingled heaven and earth and rain, and lightning, and darkness. She plunged among the thickest of the thunder-clouds, and in the confusion that hid her disgrace, her exulting rivals were all likewise put out of countenance.

“On the next evening, and every evening afterwards, the moon came forth later, and less, and dimmer, while, on each occasion, more and more of the minor stars, which had formerly vanished from her eye, re-appeared to witness her fading honours and disfigured form. Prosperity had made her vain; adversity brought her



to her right mind again, and humility soon compensated the loss of glaring distinction with softer charms, that won the regard which haughtiness had repelled; for when she had worn off her uncouth gibbous aspect, and through the last quarter, her profile waned into a hollow shell, she appeared more graceful than ever in the eyes of all heaven. When she was originally seen among them, the stars contemned her; afterwards, as she grew in beauty, they envied, feared, hated, and finally fled from her. As she relapsed into insignificance, they first rejoiced in her decay, then endured her superiority because it could not last long; but when they marked how she wasted away every time they met, compassion succeeded,—and on the three last nights, (like a human fair one in the latest stage of decline, growing lovelier and dearer to her friends till the close,) she disarmed hostility, conciliated kindness, and secured affection;—she was admired, beloved, and unenvied by all.

“At length there came a night when there was no moon.—There was silence in heaven all that night. In serene meditation on the changes of a month, the stars pursued their journey from sun-set to day-break. The comet had likewise departed into unknown regions. His fading lustre had been attributed at first to the bolder radiance of the moon in her meridian, but during her wane, while inferior luminaries were brightening around her, he was growing fainter and smaller every evening, and now he was no more. Of the rest, planets and stars, all were unimpaired in their light, and the former only slightly varied in their positions. The whole multitude, wiser by experience, and better for their knowledge, were humble, contented and grateful, each for his lot, whether splendid or obscure.

“Next evening to the joy and astonishment of all, the moon with a new crescent was descried in the west; and instantly, from every quarter of the pole, she was congratulated on her happy resurrection. Just as she went down, while her bow was yet recumbent on the dark-purple horizon, it is said, that an angel appeared, standing between her horns. Turning his head, his eye

glanced rapidly over the universe,—the sun far sunk behind him, the moon under his feet, the earth spread in prospect before him, and the firmament all glittering with constellations above. He paused a moment, and then, in that tongue wherein at the accomplishment of creation ‘the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,’ he thus brake forth:—‘Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! In wisdom hast Thou made them all—Who would not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for Thou only art holy?’—He ceased,—and from that hour there has been harmony in heaven.”

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[For the Monitor.]

MR. EDITOR,

I TRANSMIT to you this brief sketch,\* merely as an imperfect model for the imitation of scholars in Bible Classes. Before they try their skill in composing on religious subjects, they think the task above their ability, and while under this mistake, will make no efforts in this kind of improvement. If urged to the duty, they still consider it a task too great for their attempt: whereas, if they would only commence with some simple narration, the outlines of which are given by the inspired writer, they would soon find the practice very pleasant, and reap a rich reward for their labour.

#### CREATION.

On this subject our speculations must be guided entirely by the Scriptures. Although reason, assisted “by the things which are made,” without Revelation, might come to the conclusion, that “He that built all things is God,” yet so great is the blindness of our minds, by reason of sin, that if every trace of divine revelation were obliterated, it is probable that Atheism would be universal.

\* It was suggested by a question in the Monitor—“What can be done to promote the interests of Bible Classes?”



The Bible account of creation, is not only perfectly consistent, but unaffectedly simple, and sublime beyond the power of human description. Just so much, as is of use for us to know, is revealed,—nothing to satisfy a vain curiosity, or which has no bearing upon the moral destiny of man. This last fact should be a profitable hint to all who write on this subject,—and likewise the *brevity* of the Scriptural account of creation.

Whether other worlds, and other orders of beings were created before the system of which our globe is a part, is a question which belongs rather to the inhabitants of such worlds, than to those of ours.

Whether the *six days*, in which this earth was formed, furnished and peopled, were days of equal length with ours, or days of many hundred years each, is of no great consequence;—sufficient for us, that “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”

From this *chaos* the order of creation seems to have been,

*First.* “And God said let there be light, and there was light.”—The light was from obscurity divided from the darkness, and pronounced good,—the light and darkness were named,—and the first day was completed.

On the *second day*, God made the firmament, or atmosphere, which, at his command, divided “the waters from the waters,”—or the waters in the clouds from those upon the earth. This firmament he called heaven.

On the *third day*, the triune God commands, and the seas take their station, and the continents and islands appear. He gives then their names and pronounces them “good.” He clothes the earth with the beauty and variety of spring,—and matures the vegetable kingdom to a rich and luxurious harvest. Thus, a store-house of provisions is furnished, (containing provision for continued propagation,) for the numerous tribes which are soon to people the earth. “And God saw that it was good.”

On the *fourth day*, the sun, moon, and stars are created and beautify the heavens and illuminate the earth;—they divide the day from the night, and measure out

the seasons. They perform their diurnal and annual revolutions, to complete the "signs, and seasons, and days, and years," for which they were appointed. And these too, are pronounced "*good*."

On the *fifth day*, the waters at His command who made them, "bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life; and the fowl that fly above the earth, in the open firmament of heaven." The animals now received a command from their Creator, and unlike rebellious man they obey,—accordingly are pronounced "*very good*." While the waters and atmosphere are teeming with life.

On the *sixth day*, are formed the beasts and cattle upon the earth.

No trace of created intelligence is yet to be found. The Deity retires,—the persons of the Trinity consult. "Let us make man," is the conclusion—in character *holy*, "*in our own image*," and commit to *them* the government of this earth and its inhabitants. Man is created in maturity of bodily powers, and of intellect. "And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was *very good*."

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(For the Monitor.)

BIOGRAPHICAL READING.

[*Concluded.*]

HAVING described some of the *advantages* of Biographical reading, impartiality compels me to say, on the other hand, that it is attended with *danger*.

This arises chiefly from our disposition to imitate too closely those whom we venerate and love. To imitate their excellencies as far as circumstances will allow, is commendable and useful. But we stop not here. We are in danger of doing things for no other reason than because others, whom we esteem good men, have done the same.

But servile imitation produces affectation in manners,



and mistakes in conduct. How many expose themselves to ridicule and contempt, and, at the same time, diminish their usefulness, by attempting to imitate great men of whom they have read! Conduct and practices, which may be right and proper for one man, may be altogether unsuitable for another. Time, station, age, office, relations, and a multitude of other circumstances, may justify, and even require a particular course of conduct in one man, which it will be neither safe nor lawful for another in different circumstances to follow. All those circumstances should be accurately weighed, lest, by servile imitation, we assume what is not ours—that, which belongs to some other time, place, rank, or age. Inattention to this subject may lead to mistakes most pernicious in their consequences. In manners, let a man show *himself*. In conduct, let him do that which is suitable for a man, whose situation resembles his own.

Hitherto, I have supposed that those things, in which we may imitate others, are right and commendable in *them*; and that the danger consists in a mistaken judgment on our part by making an unsuitable appropriation. It cannot, however be expected that even good men will be faultless. Although the affectionate partiality of biographers may lead them to mistake faults for excellencies, and so represent them; yet sober reason and faithful experience (as well as the Scriptures) teach that no man is without fault. Still we are in great danger of supposing real faults to be excellencies. As such, in imagination, we may admire and imitate them.

Moreover, we are in danger of being led astray, not only by mistaking faults for virtues; but likewise by making a wrong use of the real and acknowledged defects of good men. If such men have faults, we may be inclined to excuse or palliate our own. These are good men, and are so esteemed, yet they sometimes err. Such a view, may lead to presumption and self-confidence. Although this feeling is directly the opposite of that, which I have mentioned, when treating another part of the subject; still these different and opposite feelings may exist in different minds, and even in

the same mind at different times. Therefore I apprehend the representation in both cases is just.

I have endeavoured to give an impartial, though it may be, incomplete description of the effects produced by the reading of Biography. Its utility is unquestionable. Many of the first men in every department of life, in every age and country, have been guided and stimulated by the example of those, who, though dead, have continued to act and speak for the benefit of others. Poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers, and Christians are all ready to acknowledge the benefit which they have derived from this source. O. P.

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(For the Monitor.)

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

SODOM and Gomorrah were situated on a beautiful plain in the land of Canaan. In addition to other local advantages, their situation was rendered more happy and agreeable in consequence of being surrounded by a rich and fertile country. Such was the fertility of the soil and the mildness of the climate, that very little exertion was necessary to supply the exigencies of those times of simplicity. We may suppose, that they not only possessed every facility to acquire a competence, but that wealth and affluence flowing in upon every side, became sources of sensual pleasure. Prosperity, instead of making their hearts glow with gratitude to the giver of all their enjoyments, served but to plunge them deeper and deeper in scenes of dissipation and licentiousness. Confidence in their happy circumstances banished from their minds every idea of an overruling Providence, and rendered them entirely regardless of the injunctions and requisitions of their Maker. Having lost all veneration for the commands of God, the preaching and example of Lot had not the least influence upon their character. They ridiculed his warnings and entreaties as the dreams of an enthusiastic im-



agination. As the good man retired from the devoted city, the sun arose. His predictions, not yet accomplished, are the subject of exultation and merriment to the licentious multitude. The benign influence of a clear atmosphere every where diffuses serenity and gaiety. But on a sudden a threatening cloud stands over the place. Unusual appearances in the heavens portend something dreadful. The sun is darkened. From every side flames flash towards the city. Surrounding masses of fire rapidly advance and close in upon every quarter. Every where is running, confusion, and terror.—The roaring of the flames, the shrieks of the dying, and loud peals of thunder are lost in one universal conflagration.

At length “the powerful king of day,” having never witnessed a scene so dreadful, sinks beneath the horizon and leaves the world to darkness and silence. No sooner does another sun diffuse his rising beams over the thinly scattered, smoking cinders, than the unconscious traveller rises over the hill in sight of the awful place. He starts back—and with a faltering voice exclaims, Sodom is destroyed. Where is now the hum of business—the song of pleasure—and the brilliancy of convivial parties? *There* stood the mansion of the rich, environed with all the charms and graces of sensual pleasure. *Here* rose the house of feasting, where every sense is gratified and every brain intoxicated with the joys of Bacchus. But yesterday, these streets rivalled the world in all that is elegant and beautiful. Now, but here and there a smoking vestige remains to tell the traveller where they were. But yesterday, the Sodomites would have stood against the world—yea, against their Maker. Now their ashes whiten their desolate plain. Such is the destruction of the city, that was full of people: yet all this is but a prologue to that destruction, “when the elements shall melt with fervent heat.” When these souls, but just liberated from their burning clay tabernacles, and now beginning to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, will rise with comparative innocence, and condemn the impenitent of the last days. “We, like you were the votaries of pleasure. We re-

jected one preacher ; but you rejected thousands. Lot alone preached to us.—Arts, sciences, books—every thing preached to you. We insulted a man ; you directly insulted a God. We prayed to idols ; you tempted the true God with mock prayers. Our prayers were the result of ignorance ; you knew you were in the presence of the Almighty Sovereign of the universe, and treated him with less sincerity and reverence than you would dare treat a fellow creature. We acted from feeling ; you from knowledge. We never saw God's word ; you pretended to make it the rule of life ; and by living in a Christian land bore the name of Christian ; now therefore, after having resisted such light, and sinned against the best of Beings, you are at last reaping the dreadful consequences." L.

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[For the Monitor.]

" EARTHLY BLISS."

" The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
On *earthly bliss* ; it breaks at every breeze !"

Young.

Is then our happiness held by such an uncertain tenure ? The voice of God's truth answers, " It is ;" experience sighs, " Yes ;" the Philosopher gives assent ; the Christian responds, " Even so." But are not our *dearest* objects exempt ? our *loved* friends ? Ah, no ! If then thus slender is our hold on " *earthly bliss*," why such anxiety about it ? Why waste " the golden moments" in pursuit of unsubstantial joys ? Why plunge into the keen disappointment of ere long discovering that the objects of our solicitous pursuit have been bubbles ? and that these bubbles have broken ! We grasp at a shadow ; but it eludes the grasp : we chase a phantom ; but it flies ! It has fled—and left nought behind but the *recollection* of what it *was* ! Dimly is this remembrance pictured on the mind—the picture is fading—its colors are fleeting—they are gone !



And thus is it with all the objects with which we are conversant, and all the scenes in which we are actors on the stage of life. Rapidly follows one player after another,—till shortly, they all cease to act,—for death drives them from the stage, and the grand drama is wound up.

And what may this brevity of all sublunary bliss teach us? It teaches us to beware of delusion from the things, which dissolve at our touch—vanish at our gaze! It teaches us to seek “a building of God, a house not made with hands,” “founded on the rock of ages,” and “eternal in the heavens;” build there our hopes, and disappointment shall never mock them; lay there our treasures, and the whirlwind of the Eternal’s wrath shall never sweep them away.

Leave, then, this scene so brief;—scorn to be bound by the attractions of a moment;—contemn the applause of ephemeral mortals:—for the applause they breathe is deadly as the desert wind; their false flatteries, as the blast of the fatal Samiel:\* remembered in the agonies of death, they will be withering to the soul, like the shrieks of infernal despair.

Alas! soon, the momentary pleasures, you and I now enjoy amidst these earthly scenes, will be only “the memory of joys that are past—mournful to the soul!”

“Of joys departed, ne’er to be recalled,  
How painful the remembrance!”

Therefore will we seek the joys which “never fade away.”

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(For the Monitor.)

CONTEMPLATIONS OF NATURE, CALCULATED TO PRODUCE A  
GOOD MORAL INFLUENCE.

If ever man resembles superior beings, it is when his soul is filled with sublime thoughts of the Deity, and

\* A poisonous and destructive wind in Western Asia.

excited to an admiration of virtue, by reflecting on the exquisite workmanship of nature. It is then he seems to leave this earth, and, on the wings of contemplation, hover round the throne of God—the great fountain of unbounded intelligence.

Such was man's happy state in the golden days of his primeval purity. Unconscious of guilt, he beheld the whole face of nature decked in constant bloom, and the fruits that sprang spontaneously from the earth, became so many mementos of his Creator's wisdom and benevolence, and secured in return his gratitude and love. But the spoiler came; man fell;—and the glory of Eden was no more.

Nature mourns—still she is beautiful in tears. Though the frost has nipped the verdant foliage of the rose, yet there is a fragrance diffused round the spot where it once stood. It is not the momentary excitement of feeling, which we experience on approaching a grotto celebrated for its ghosts and supernatural appearances; nor is it the superstitious reverence, excited by the fancied sacredness of some verdant grove, and the fabled fields of Elysium, that can produce lasting habits of morality and virtue. It is when we view nature, in all its simplicity, and beauty, that the most durable impressions are made on the heart. The opening rose, the wild flower of the wood, the lily of the valley, and the towering oak of the mountain, are objects, that excite the sensations of beauty; while the lofty heights of the Andes, the snowy summits of the Alps, and the mighty oceans that roll below them, become subjects for contemplation, full of grandeur and sublimity.

If we pursue this train of reflection still farther, and contemplate this spacious earth, “on which such huge mountains rise, and vast oceans roll;” if we consider, that it moves, in its orbit, with the amazing velocity of more than a million miles a day; or if, leaving this earth, and rising higher and higher, we reflect on the unnumbered globes, that perform their revolutions through the interminable fields of ether; we must view with unutterable adoration, that Being, from whose forming hand they rolled at first, and whose unalterable



decree they never cease to obey. If there be any thing like virtue in man, he must be excited to the highest pitch of admiration, when he beholds a display of goodness so diffusive, of benevolence so expanding, and of power so stupendous. But here finite man is lost amid a vast concatenation of worlds and system; here he seems to be treading on the threshold of his helplessness; yet, raising his reverential eyes to heaven, he looks forward with lively emotions, to that period, when he will no longer frame inconsistent theories to account for the formation of the earth, but when he will see, as with the clearness of intuition, those sublime truths, which are wholly unknown to him, or which he must view, only as fanciful speculations, or as extravagant, and problematical hypotheses. PLINY.

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(For the Monitor.)

#### THE SABBATH.

How welcome is this blessed day to every pious soul. There are two circumstances which render it peculiarly so to the Christian. First, it is welcome because it gives him more time than he can conveniently have on other days, for self-examination, meditation, and prayer.

Secondly, it is peculiarly welcome, because a Sabbath rightly spent on earth, is an emblem of that rest which remains for the people of God. In addition to these private privileges, he is permitted to assemble with the people of God in the sanctuary, there to hear from the ambassador of Christ the glad tidings of the Gospel proclaimed to perishing sinners. He contrasts his situation with those who know not the Lord, neither the Sabbath which he has hallowed.

He feels he is unworthy to be privileged above them, and is constrained to say, It is of the Lord's goodness that I am not left in ignorance of God, that I am not left in the darkness of heathenism.

But with what fond anticipations does he look forward to that eternal Sabbath which he shall spend with

angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect in holiness; where sin will no more annoy him; where the spirits of darkness will no more molest him; but where he will be clad in the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness, and have *his image* indelibly instamped upon him.

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#### ANECDOTES.

##### FAITH IN GOD ILLUSTRATED.

I IMPRINTED on my daughter, says Cecil, the idea of Faith, at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there." "Yes, Papa!" "And you seem to be vastly pleased with them." "Yes, Papa!" "Well now, throw them behind the fire." The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. "Well, my dear, do as you please: but you know I never told you to do any thing, which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at me a few moments longer, and then,—summoning up all her fortitude,—her breast heaving with the effort,—she dashed them into the fire. "Well," said I, "there let them lie: you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now." Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure and set it before her: she burst in tears with ecstasy. "Those, my child," said I, "are yours; because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what Faith is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bade you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that he says in his Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good."



## COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.

COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN was a bold officer in the American Revolution. He could face the enemies of his country with the most undaunted bravery, and in the field of battle, he never shrunk from danger. But he was an opposer to Christianity, and gloried in the character of an infidel. His wife, however, was a pious woman, and taught her children in the ways of piety, while he told them it was all a delusion. But there was an hour coming, when Colonel Allen's confidence in his own sentiments would be closely tried. A beloved daughter was taken sick—He received a message that she was dying—He hastened to her bed-side, anxious to hear her dying words. "Father," said she, "I am about to die: shall I believe in the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?" This was an affecting scene. The Intrepid Colonel became extremely agitated; his chin quivered; his whole frame shook; and after waiting a few moments he replied, "*Believe what your mother has taught you.*"

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THE SIN OF SLANDER.

A MAN'S good name is like a piece of white paper, which, if once blotted, will very hardly be got out again, so as to leave no print of it behind. It is like a merchant's estate, long in getting, but lost in a moment; and when it is lost in the bottom of the sea, how shall it ever be recovered again? How circumspect, then, ought men to be in what they say of their brother, so as not to steal and murder his good name, which is as precious as life itself! The destruction of another's character is a sin that God will not pardon, unless the party that is guilty make restitution, which is a work not easy to be done: yet God will accept of endeavour, if faithful and industrious.

(For the Monitor.)

LORD BYRON.

I weep not that a foreign land  
Received the poet's parting breath,  
I weep not that a stranger's hand,  
Pressed on his eyelids cold in death,

I weep not that his early bier,  
Was slow and silent borne along,  
Unwetted by a kindred tear,  
Unfollowed by the sons of song!

I weep not that he passed away,  
Ere age had quenched his eye of fire,  
Who wishes a loved one to stay  
Long in a world of ills so dire?

I weep—flow on, flow on, my woe,—  
I weep so sweet a lyre unstrung,  
The hand that swept its chords laid low,  
Forever mute that tuneful tongue,

Before a grateful lay was given  
To him who gave the wond'rous art,  
Before a glowing spark of Heaven,  
Had purified and rapt his heart.

I hop'd the UNCREATED FAIR  
Would fix the minstrel's vagrant eye,  
That gazing, wond'ring, kindling there,  
He'd tune his harp to strains on high;

I hop'd that they who watch'd his bed,  
When agony and death were there,  
Would see a tear of sorrow shed,  
Would hear a faltering, dying prayer!

I hop'd—alas my hope was vain,  
With dread eternity in sight,  
He'd give those pages to the flame,  
At once so deadly and so bright.



I weep because his closing eye  
Beheld no visions from above,  
There mingled with his latest sigh  
No hallow'd symphony of love!

Ye sons of song, come twine the bays,  
Of laurel and of hellebore,  
To crown a genius bright and base,  
Shall charm and curse till time is o'er.

HENRIETTA.

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(For the Monitor.)

TIME THE UNIVERSAL COMFORTER.

WHEN sorrow swells the aching breast,  
And rankles deep her poisoned dart,  
The spirits droop, by care depressed,  
And poignant anguish rends the heart;  
O! where shall mortals find relief,  
A solace for the pang of grief?

To pleasure's smiling scenes they fly,  
And drown in giddy mirth their woe,  
Or in the arms of friendship sigh,  
While tears of mutual sorrow flow;  
And this their woe may sooth awhile,  
And bid the passing moment smile.

But vain is pleasure's giddy round,  
The soothing smile of friendship vain;  
No balm they yield for sorrow's wound,  
No solace for a heart of pain;  
'Tis Time alone imparts relief,  
And smooths the furrowed brow of grief.

He bids the mourning spirit sing,  
The pallid cheek with lustre glow,  
And scatters from his balmy wing  
An antidote for ev'ry woe;